

clever, you know, and I had little money or time.

"One day, when I came home from the store very tired, for you know fitting gloves is weary work, and people are often hard to please, I opened my Bible at the verse: 'The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.' Somehow I felt a special interest in weary people, and it came to me that perhaps God would teach me to speak this word. I prayed that it might be so, and I have prayed every day since, for grace and wisdom to speak the word in season. When one thinks of it, it seems as if there were so many tired people in this world. Almost everyone has a weakness of some sort, and there is only one 'rest' for all the heavy laden and weary ones.

"As I thought over it and prayed over it, I saw that the young and the rich and the learned, as well as you girls who work so hard, had a weariness and heart hunger, and it seemed as if God had put me in that very place to look for the tired ones, and to try, in my feeble way, to help them. I have failed, O, so often, but the Father knows that I have tried, and that is all he asks of his children."

When the girls came the next day to ask for Miss Carew, they found that her gentle life had ended, and there were unaccustomed tears in the nurse's eyes as she told them of that quiet falling asleep. And when the girls knelt by that quiet form, it seemed as if the bravery and sweetness and meekness of her life shone from her pale face, and they forgot to mourn for their friend, for it was indeed as if she had but entered into glorious rest.

And one by one all who knew and loved her came and stood beside that humble coffin, and one dropped a flower and one a tear, but each went away comforted and enabled for having known the power and beauty of a Christ-like life.

—"Presbyterian."

GIVING AND GETTING.

"I don't see how foreign missions help the home churches," said Lou Baker, looking up at her mother. "The preacher said they did yesterday when he was preaching about missions, you know."

"Do you remember the beautiful bed of nasturtiums Mrs. Snow and I had last summer, Lou?" asked her mother.

"Yes. But—"

"But what has that to do with missions?" replied her mother, smiling. "Let's see. Mrs. Snow would not cut her flowers, you remember. Her bed was a perfect blaze of color for a while. She wanted it to be the finest in town, and for a short time it was. Then the vines began to die, though she

gave them the best attention. Before August there was nothing but dry stems left. The flowers had bloomed themselves to death, and withdrawn all the life from the roots.

"This year she did not plant nasturtiums; she said they did not pay. My bed bloomed until frost. I was on the flower committee for the hospital, and sent great bunches of my nasturtiums every week to the sick people. I could not help it—they were so lovely, and brought so much brightness into the long bare wards. I never thought of saving my plants by giving away my flowers, but so it was."

"So you think, mamma, that the more we give to foreign missions, the more we have at home?" asked Lou.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty," quoted Mrs. Baker. When I saw the joy those flowers, gleaming like great pieces of red and yellow sunshine, brought into the days of those poor sick ones, I loved my flowers more than ever before, and thanked God more heartily than I had ever done for the beautiful gift of the flowers. They taught me a lesson on foreign missions:

"If we do not share our blessings and our joys, the beautiful flower of unselfish love will dry up and die in our hearts. When we give of our means and see the blessings we have sent bringing such joy and blessing into dark, sin-sick lives of others, our hearts are filled with a greater love than ever before to God who gave us these blessings, and so more and more He pours in upon our hearts, thus open to receive it, His love, that we may in turn pour this love out upon others. Now, dear, do you know what the preacher meant when he talked of a church's drying up; and on the other hand, do you see what our dear Saviour meant when He said, that 'to him that giveth shall be given?'"

And Lou, looking far into the evening sunshine, thought she saw—"Mission Journal."

"IT'S THE ONLY WAY."

"What shall I do to get rid of the load of sin on my heart?" asked a Hindu of a Brahmin.

"How long have you had it?" asked the Brahmin.

"For many years. It began to press heavily when I was yet young, and now, in my older years, is almost crushing my soul. Is there no help or hope?"

"Yes, certainly. But how did you get it?"

"I cannot tell, except that years ago my sins began to trouble me, and the trouble has grown with every new sin. The load is so heavy now that it almost overwhelms